

**MARVEL**  
LIMITED SERIES

5 of 5

**DYNAMITE**  
ENTERTAINMENT

# MARVEL ZOMBIES

VS. ARMY OF DARKNESS™



**PARENTAL ADVISORY**



DIRECT EDITION

\$2.99 US \$3.75 CAN

# PREVIOUSLY



**MEET ASHLEY I. WILLIAMS**—RETAIL CLERK TURNED DIMENSION-HOPPING ADVENTURER AND HERO. ASH SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME FIGHTING A VENTILATED ARMY OF DARKNESS COMPOSED OF THE TERRORIFYING CREATURES KNOWN AS DEADITES, UNDER THE FOUL COMMAND OF THE NECRODENDRON (THE BOSS OF THE DEAD), BUT THE LAST THING ASH REMEMBERS NOW IS BEING DEAD HIMSELF—AND IN WHAT NIGHT HAD BEEN HEAVEN—CONFRONTING A HORRIFIC, ZOMBIFIED CREATURE IN YELLOW TIGHTS...THAT PUNCHED HIM INTO A DIFFERENT UNIVERSE.



**UPON LANDING IN THIS WORLD, ASH LEARNS THAT LOTS OF PEOPLE HERE WEAR TIGHTS...AND HAVE SUPER POWERS...AND FIGHT CRIME...IT'S BASICALLY A WORLD OF BIZARRE MARVELS. THAT IS, UNTIL THE GUY IN THE YELLOW TIGHTS SHOWS UP, ALL UNDEAD, AND STARTS BITING THE OTHER GUYS IN TIGHTS AND TURNING THEM INTO ZOMBIES. AFTER RUNNING INTO A FEW UNINFECTED HEROES, ASH SEES FIRSTHAND HOW CRAZY THIS WORLD WAS BEFORE THERE WERE ANY ZOMBIES.**



**JUST WHEN HE'S ABOUT TO GIVE UP HOPE OF FINDING HELP, HE RUNS INTO A PAIR OF HEROINES NAMED DAZZLER AND THE SCARLET WITCH. AFTER TRAVELING TO LATVERIA IN SEARCH OF THE NECRODENDRON—WHICH THEY FALSELY BELIEVE IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS ZOMBIE PLAGUE—OUR HEROES ARE SOON "GREETED" BY ITS RULING MONARCH, DOCTOR DDD!**



**LEARNING THE WORLD MAY BE BEYOND SAYING, ASH RESCUES DDD'S PRISONER—THE BEAUTIFUL ENCHANTRESS—AND ENLISTS HER AID IN HIS QUEST. UNFORTUNATELY FOR ASH, HE MAY HAVE JUST UNWITTINGLY GIVEN HIMSELF OVER TO...**



## ...THE MARVEL ZOMBIES!

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What Ash  
thinks it is:

Ashley  
Williams...

Come  
to me...

Love  
me...



Versus  
what it is:

Feed  
me.

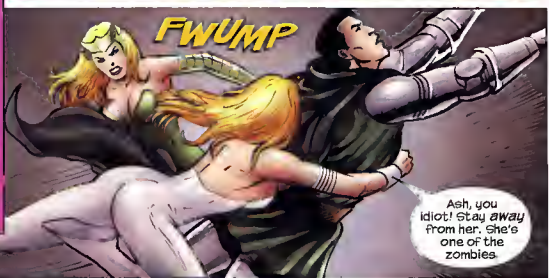




Er... okay.



Anything you say... my love.



FWUMP

Ash, you idiot! Stay away from her. She's one of the zombies.



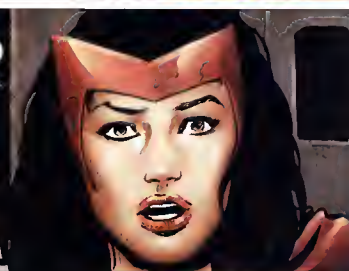
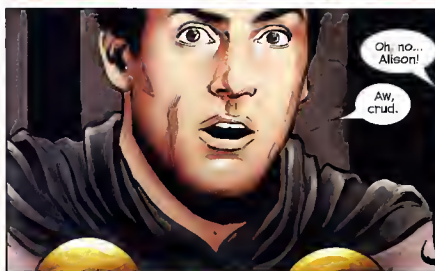
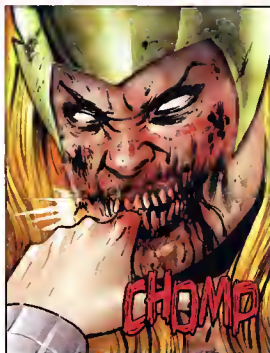
Huh? Her!?!?

That's the Enchantress. She's got a mystical ability to seduce any man, make them powerless to her every command, and to see her exactly as she *Wishes* to be seen.


You don't say. In *my* universe, we call that "beer goggles"



Course, against the *fairer* sex, she doesn't have quite the same advantage.







Of course, this would not have been necessary if you hadn't so *foolishly* released the infected Amora

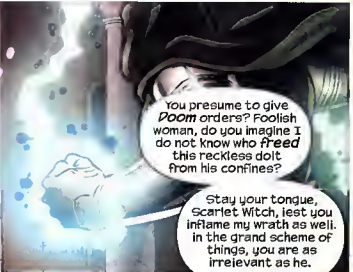
Hey, wait a minute! She looked normal to me. How was I to know she had some man-chanting mojo power?!

Very true...but I can think of at least one way to ensure you do not *vex* me again with your impudence and *ignorance*.



Bring it on, tin pants!

Enough, Victor...no more killing!



You presume to give *Doom* orders? Foolish woman, do you imagine I do not know who *freed* this reckless dolt from his confines?

Stay your tongue, Scarlet Witch, lest you inflame my wrath as well. In the grand scheme of things, you are as irrelevant as he.



My lord!

You dare—interrupt Doom?!

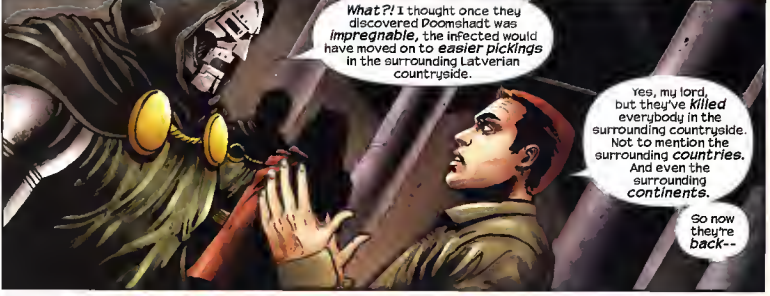
Is everyone so deep in the grip of fear from cannibal zombies that they risk awakening the terrible fury of the Lord of Latveria!?!?



Speak, lackey—as if your life depended on it.

I—I thought you should know...

The infected super heroes you warded off earlier with the castle's arsenal and defenses have returned.



What?! I thought once they discovered Poomshadt was *impregnable*, the infected would have moved on to *easier pickings* in the surrounding Latverian countryside.

Yes, my lord, but they've *killed* everybody in the surrounding countryside. Not to mention the surrounding *countries*. And even the surrounding *continents*.

So now they're back--

MARVEL COMICS  
PRESENTS  
A DYNAMITE  
ENTERTAINMENT  
PRODUCTION!

# MARVEL ZOMBIES VS. THE ARMY OF DARKNESS

PART 5 OF 5:

# THE STALKING DEAD

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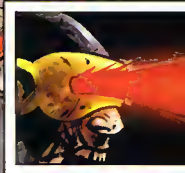
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"...and they've  
brought friends."





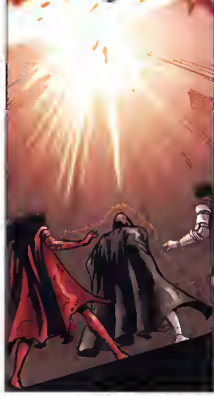


**KAWO OMMM**

I thought you said this castle was impregnable, chief.

There are degrees of impregnable, cretin!

**BWOOMMM**



Good news, Poom. We've decided to let you live. Of course, by "live," we mean we're going to kill you, and let you join our ranks.

But any *non-powered* humans you have hanging around are going to end up in the feeding trough.

Especially all those Latverian refugees you've got stashed away.

Refugees? How did you

Blast you, McCoy...and Xavier.

Oh, to the contrary--not Xavier. Very early during the onset of the epidemic, the good Professor made the mistake of being too darn delicious.

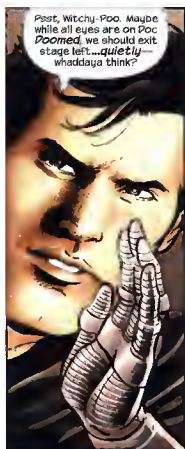
Therefore--

--I brought *another* big brain into the mix.

Elementary.

Live homo sapiens are in *incontrovertibly* short supply, so it was incumbent upon us to reprogram Cerebro to hone in on their location. An effortless endeavor, actually, for a pair of astonishingly advanced eggheads such as myself and my fine compatriot.

Richards!  
**Nooooo!!!**



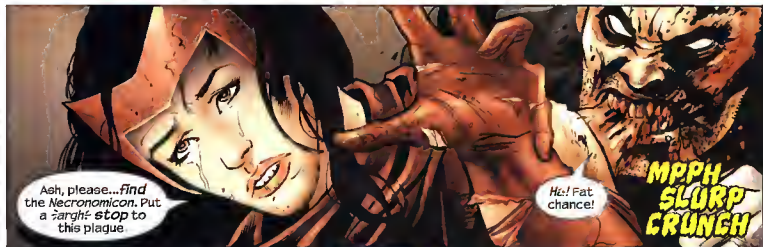
Pest, Witchy-Poo. Maybe while all eyes are on Doc Doomed, we should exit stage left...quietly—whaddaya think?



Wanda?!?

Scarlet Witch is indisposed.

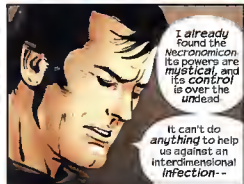
Remember me, smart guy? You're next.



Ash, please...find the Necronicon. Put a target stop to this plague.

He! Fat chance!

**MPPH SLURP CRUNCH**

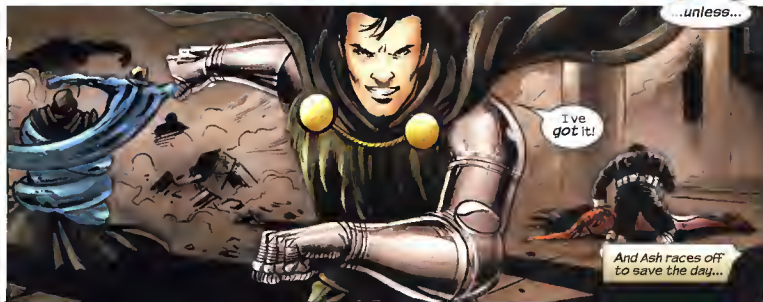


I already found the Necronicon. Its powers are mystical, and its control is over the undead.

It can't do anything to help us against an interdimensional infection--



Unless...



...unless...

I've got it!

And Ash races off to save the day...

...but not before  
an outfit change.

**KAWHAM**

You and me,  
Nomicon. We  
gotta talk!

"Talk"? Nothing  
would amuse me more,  
to hear the last pathetic  
mawlings of this failed  
Chosen One, moments  
before he meets his  
grizzly demise.

Your wretched  
end is near, Williams, and  
there is no amount of  
begging and groveling you  
can do to persuade me  
to end the suffering and  
torment that is to  
be your ultimate  
fate.

I think you  
got the wrong idea  
about exactly which  
one of us is gonna  
be doing the  
begging.

You told me before--  
the zombie plague is a  
pandimensional virus.  
It doesn't just infect  
humans. And when the  
zombies finally get to  
me...they're gonna  
be munchin' on  
you, too.

What--what  
madness do you  
speak? What would  
carnibal zombies  
want of me--  
a book?


Listen up, kemo-sabe, I've seen  
robots infected, mutants, outer  
space aliens, mythological gods,  
anthropomorphized ducks...all  
sorts of non-humans.

You're a *sentient*  
book, written in *human*  
blood, which--as far as I  
can tell--makes you as  
likely a target as me,  
or any of the rest  
of 'em.


You wanna take  
a chance that you *won't*  
end up the *second*  
course when the zombies  
come around to fill up  
a *third* course?  
Ash?

...I...

So what  
*precisely* is  
your plan,  
Ashley  
Williams?




And so it was that the prophecy came to pass.



With the end of the world at hand, an army of the dead did rise.

Fueled by the dark power of the Necronomicon, driven by hate, the millions of souls slaughtered by the infected zombies returned... seeking vengeance.



The angry dead.

The evil dead



A Deadite legion

An Army of Darkness

And the Army of Parknes rose against the infected zombie multitudes, the former heroes and villains of this world, with all their strange, amazing and marvelous super powers.



Of course, against all those strange amazing and marvelous powers, the Peardises didn't really have a chance



But that didn't matter, because the Army of Parknes served its purpose, distracting the zombie horde, even momentarily, from its insatiable hunger--



--and giving the few survivors left something they desperately needed...



A way out of here? Where?

Time.



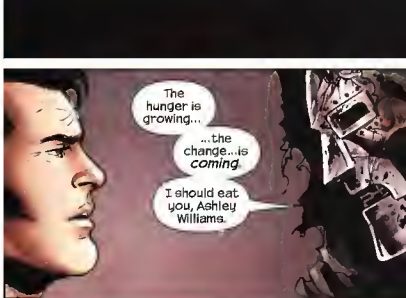
Come with me, all of you... I'm rescuing you





No, Ashley Williams... I have been bitten. But the infection has not taken hold... yet.

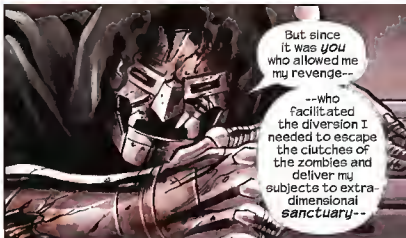
And while I am still myself, I will *have* my revenge on Richards, and *deny* him and his grotesque cadre the *sustenance* they so desperately crave.



The hunger is growing...

...the change... is *coming*.

I should eat you, Ashley Williams.



But since it was *you* who allowed me my revenge--

--who facilitated the diversion I needed to escape the clutches of the zombies and deliver my subjects to extra-dimensional *sanctuary*--



Go.

Uh, sure thing, big guy...but won't all the other zombies *follow* me and infect *other* worlds?



They cannot follow you. The portal is programmed to reset every five seconds, randomly switching between parallel worlds, different dimensions, timelines and probabilities.

Furthermore, I will destroy the apparatus after you transport. You will have a limited amount of time thereafter to settle on a preferred dimension.

Just send me to a world with *no* damn zombies, okay?

And *hurry!* I can sense the zombie mob's approach.

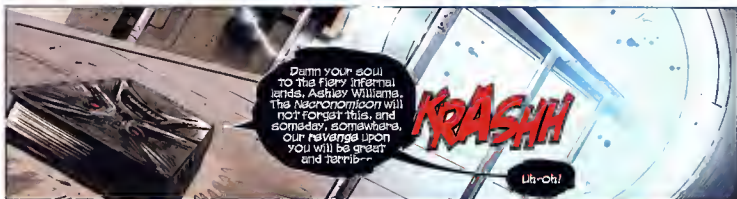




"Hurry"? Who said I was gonna let you tag along?

Go long... sucker!

NO, Williams  
NOOOOO!!!



Damn your soul to the fiery infernal lands, Ashby Williams. The Nisronomicon will not forget this, and someday, somewhere, our revenge upon you will be great and terrible.

**KRASHH**

Uh-oh!



Thought you wuz gonna skulk away, did ya, Doomsie? This part here is whut we call 'getting yer just deserts.'



**SKRRRAACKK**

you're *too late*, Grimm, you misbegotten monstrosity. The meat you crave is safely away, the dimensional portal ruined, and your fellow zombies have *already* contaminated me.



Mebbe so. But that don't mean I can't still give ya a clobberin'!



**SWIKT**

**WHAM**

**THWAM**

**THUD**

**GRONCH**



And what have we here?

Understand me, desolates one, for I am the feared and fearsome Natchronomicon, with a power too terrible for you to even begin to comprehend.

Death is my dominion, and I've a host of Deadites corpse to serve my every command.



Oh, so you're responsible for that undead army? I got news for you, pal, they tried their best, and it wasn't good enough--not by a long shot.

Hmph. Well...

Be that as it may, if you have designs on *derating* me, I believe you will find my page to be most unpalatable.



What?! Eat you?! What are you talking about?!

You're a book.

But Williams told me--

Sounds like you been hoodwinked, bub. Bamboozled. Filmflammed. Nobody wants to eat a book.

Wha--?!?



Here ya go, greenie.

Wha-what are you going to do with me?

Well, we may be zombies--

--but we still need toilet paper.

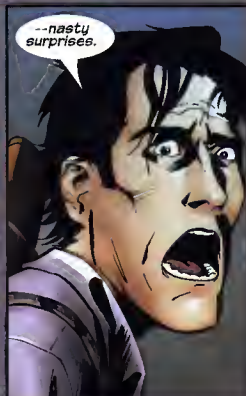
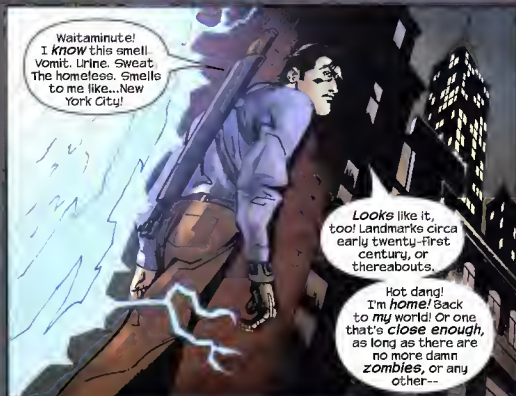


Zombie Hulk eat lots

And Zombie Hulk need lots of toilet paper.

Woooooooooooo!!!!!!









Nuts.



POIT

"Poit"??



Thanks for nothing, Doom.

Couldn't I have at least gotten to the multiverse of naked supermodels before your crappy interdimensional portal time-out?

No, of course not. Instead, I gotta be dumped into a universe full of--



--them.

SNFF  
SNFF

Good news, fellas.



No duh. Werewolverine. You think you're the *only* one here with heightened animal senses?

We can *all* smell fresh meat. And we all know that that means--



IT'S FEEDING TIME BOYS!!

OH NOOOOOOO

And so on...

FIN?



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